

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

One Gallant Female Soldier

By ADA PATTERSON.

This morning I saw a gallant soldier. In uniform, and in line of battle? Yes. She was sitting on the broad piazza of her comfortable home, her fine sweet face framed in autumn tinted ivy leaves that veiled her retreat, her thick curling hair, white as the snows of Christmas, her sturdy figure wrapped in a purple frock and a shawl of soft white wool. She looked comfortable and prosperous and at peace, but there was that in her blue eyes turned frankly upon me that reminded me of a war dispatch I and all the rest of the world had read that day.



home and married the mayor. The son became the leading banker. Just now her family is anxious about her health. They fear that her other battles won, she may slip away from them soon to that state where there is no warfare and where peace forever reigns. But despite what the family physician says, I believe she will remain long on life's battle line. For the martial spirit is undimmed in her eyes.

Little Mary's Essays

Tears, Their Uses and Abuses

By DOROTHY DIX.

Tears is what you do to folks when you ain't big and strong enough to fight 'em.

Also tears is what you do when you are terrible angry and disson't say the things you are thinking because you're a perfect lady.



When ladies weep they make a noise that sounds like DAMN, Damn, damn, d-a-m-n.

When a man gets angry he can cuss and throw things around, but all that a lady can do is to burst into tears and slam the door behind her. It means the same thing, only when a man cusses he has to apologize and that he was sorry he lost his temper, but if a woman will just keep on crying the man will call her pet names and say he was a brute.

I know, because that is the way that my papa and my mama do. When I grow up and get married I am going to be the champion long-distance weeper.

My teacher says that there is no power stronger than hydraulic pressure. I guess that is why so many husbands look as if they had been flattened out.

Tears are most profitable to a woman. It is the easiest way for her to get what she wants, because if you will just sit down and howl for a thing somebody will give it to you to make you shut up. I know, because I have tried it.

And, when you are arguing a thing and get in a hole where you cannot think of anything more to say, you can win out by beginning to sniffle into your pocket handkerchief.

My papa says that women always take the water route out of trouble.

When I was a little thing I used to squawl a lot, and my papa said, "I am going to break this child of crying." But my mama said, "Oh, no. To be a good, free, natural weeper is the most valuable talent that a woman can have, and one that will take her farthest; so do not blight your daughter's prospects in life."

Once I heard a lady say to my mama: "Tears are a woman's best weapon."

"That is true," said my mama; "but they are only dangerous when you are young. No woman should weep after she is 40 years old. When you are young and slim, when you weep a man invites you to dry your eyes on the second button of his vest, and he puts you on the back and says: 'There, there, poor dear, don't cry.' When you are old and fat and begin to weep, a man picks up his hat and starts for the door and tells you not to make a fool of yourself."

There is not as much water in a tear as there is in the ocean, but my papa says that it has heated more things, and more men have been drowned in it.

Women are weak and helpless, but they are strong on weeping. Oh, how wonderful are the ways of Providence.

Do You Know That

"Only British barbers employed here" is a notice to be seen outside many hair-dressers' shops in London.

A new giant engine with eighteen wheels has been put into use on the French railways. It has no tender, but can store eight tons of coal and twelve cubic yards of water. Its speed is seventy miles an hour.

The workmen cleaning out the Paris assize court after the last day of Mme. Callaux's trial found among other articles two men's hats, two lawyers' gowns, fifty-five empty bottles, twenty-one bananas and fifteen peaches.

The Church of the Holy Ghost, at Heidelberg, is the only one in the world in which both protestant and Roman Catholic services are held at the same time. A partition wall in the centre separates the two congregations.

The famous time ball at Greenwich is to be replaced by a new aluminum ball, and its mechanism overhauled and reconstructed. The time ball was first erected in 1833. An electric current from the clock was first used to drop it at 1 o'clock in 1852.

Figures just made public by the French Department of Agriculture show a falling off in the 1913 potato crop of France of 34,834,263 pounds, as compared with the yield of 1912. The total crop for 1913 is 330,533,35 pounds.

Among the various silk producing countries of the world, Japan occupied first place in 1912, with 96 per cent of the total; China followed closely with 31 per cent, Europe produced only 19 per cent, the Levant and Central Asia 11 per cent and South America 3 per cent.

In memory of the countless cats slaughtered since the invention of the samisen, or three-stringed Japanese guitar, which has cats' skin as one of its principal materials, a number of Japanese philanthropists have caused a tomb, in the form of a cat's statue, to be erected in Tokio.

"A Fall Pippin!"

By Nell Brinkley



Not a "King-pippin"—a Queen-pippin this is—grown right in town in the deep canons between the sky-scrappers—and a chap doesn't have to take the trail to the deep country-places where the apple harvest is heaped under the old gray trees and look over a worm-fence to see one!—NEILL BRINKLEY.

Girls and Gratitude

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Gratitude is one of the strangest qualities in all the world. Men are seldom grateful enough to women and women are far too grateful to men.

Now, a little gratitude is a charming thing. It means a proper appreciation of benefits received. But gratitude carried too far means fulsome flattery, weak-kneed worship of some one who once was kind and servile putting up with any sort of present attitude because of past favors.

There are girls who, if a man asks them for a dance, have the air of being as grateful as if he had given them his last crust to save them from starvation.

There are girls who have no idea in their heads except to follow the other girls and help pamper the conceited "lady-killer" men who think they are so irresistible that, of course, every girl is after them. They put up with men who have a lordly air of conferring a favor by noticing them.

The girl who desires popularity must take the little level of gratitude and reverse its action. Here is a rule for you, Miss Would-be Popular. Make your favors felt by giving them to the really capital fellows who are not surfeited with feminine worship.

Make your impression on the masculine heart that isn't all dented from the various feminine darts that have been thrown at it. Snub the vanity and take down a peg or two the conceit of the man who is run after by all the girls you know. Don't play "follow the leader" and shower your poor little smiles and wiles and prettiest tricks of voice and manner on the cock of the walk who is so accustomed to feminine worship that he never dreams of being grateful when a sweet girl is friendly and gracious to him.

Don't almost perish of gratitude when this hero of girlish dreams notices you. You will only make his appreciation of himself go up and his depreciation of you go down in the scale. You will simply waste your sweetness where it is going to meet neither with gratitude nor return kindness. And as for popularity—your own will be in no wise increased if you are simply permitted to be one of an admiring throng who attend on a popular man.

But suppose you turn your attention and your smiles upon some shy, awkward youth, who is liked by the other boys but is too simple and unassuming and modest to dare lift his eyes to a wonderful girl creature. Perhaps at first he won't know about the little tricks and

manners girls like—but you can teach him—train him up to suit yourself. He will be grateful to you for bringing your sunny presence into his Eveless Eden. His gratitude will offer you loyal friendship and thoughtful attentions and the other worth-while men of his own caliber will begin to admire "that sensible little girl Jim likes." You will find yourself with a train of admirers where by being a slave to gratitude instead of making it serve you you were only an unnoticed one in a train.

Don't be delectably grateful for the smallest attention. The men hate it and despise you for it, or else they dismiss your attitude as part of the tiresome flattery they get all the time.

Just cultivate a simple, sweet but absolutely unfeeling recognition of the superiority of your sex. Make an atmosphere around you—not of self appreciation, but of the glory and charm of womanhood.

And then graciously bestow your favors where they will be appreciated.

Don't be one of a flock adding gratitude to a miser's hoard.

Be a sweet, charming girl, who is able to single out worth and appreciate it, and who for her sensible valuation of real manhood gets a fitting return of gratitude and popularity.

Many an extravagant and luxurious girl gladly resigns her fineries for the sake of a man she truly loves. And what is more, such a girl is so often better able to "do without" than a girl who never has had any of the pretties you think mean so much to the girl you love. Tell her frankly what your income is, and ask her if she feels that she would be happy working up in the world with you instead of starting at the top with some other chap.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

A Foolish Infatuation.

Dear Miss Fairfax: What do you think of a young man of 19, who, after meeting a girl of 16, twice and being presumably impressed with her charms and loveliness, asks her to marry him in a different city and keep the marriage a secret? Is this true love? If not, what is it, and how would you advise the girl to treat him? The girl is a friend to this boy's sister and takes no great interest in him.

A FRIEND.

This boy of 19 is foolishly and dangerously infatuated with a mere child. I am glad she is not silly enough to be lured into taking a step that would probably ruin her life. A man who asked a girl to do such a thing would be a cad and perhaps a villain—a boy who suggests it is only a dangerously foolish child. I strongly advise the girl to have nothing to do with him.

Ask Her if She Will Be Satisfied with What You Can Give.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been keeping company with a young lady for the last ten months. I like this girl very much and would like her to be my wife some time in the near future. But there

Mystery of Diamonds

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

"What are diamonds made from? How are they made? Is it possible to make them artificially, and if not, why?"—G. M. B.

Diamonds are made of pure carbon—but so are charcoal and plumbago. These three substances are three brothers, all of absolutely the same blood, but so unlike one another in physical appearance and condition that only a chemical analysis is able to establish their relationship or identity.

Diamonds are formed by the crystallization of carbon in what mineralogists call the "monoclinic" or cubic system. This is a mere descriptive term, and does not imply any knowledge on our part of the reason why nature causes different kinds of substances to crystallize in different forms, nor, indeed, why she makes crystals at all.



A crystal is a definite geometric form (such as a cube, a hexagon or a rhomb), which many kinds of pure matter assume when left to solidify out of solution. There is some force affecting the molecules of those substances which causes them, when they are free, to yield to it, to arrange themselves in accordance with a fixed scheme, the geometric plan differing with different substances.

We can see the formation of crystals when we allow a solution of salt or of sugar or of alum to evaporate. But we do not know how nature proceeds in making all of her crystals—and, particularly, we do not know for certain (though some shrewd guesses have been made) how she crystallizes her diamonds.

It is possible to make diamonds artificially, and the thing has been done. But we are not perfectly sure that our way of making diamonds is the same as nature's way, and, in any event, our diamonds, made artificially, can in no way compete with hers. They are mere pin-points in size, and they lack the brilliance of native diamonds. Still, they are, in essence, real diamonds and not imitations. Whether we shall ever be able to make them as large and as splendid as nature does is a question that remains to be answered by chemists.

The fundamental form of a native diamond crystal is that of an octahedron (eight-sided solid), or some modification of the octahedral form. It is transparent when the outside crust has been removed, and is the hardest substance known. It also possesses a most extraordinary power of refracting or bending the light rays that enter it. This is the cause of the extreme brilliance of the diamond, and of its marvelous display of flashing prismatic colors.

The minute artificial diamonds that have been made are produced by dissolving ordinary carbon, such as charcoal, in melted iron and then pouring the mixture into a mold and chilling it rapidly by immersion in cold water. The swift contraction of the chilled surface of the iron causes an intense pressure upon the still liquid interior, and as the core gradually solidifies, under the compression, the carbon is deposited, mostly as in the form of graphite, or plumbago, but a small quantity assumes the form of tiny crystals of diamond.

Inasmuch as the diamonds of South Africa are found in what are believed to be the choked-up throats of ancient volcanoes, it has been assumed that nature formed them there somewhat in the same way in which artificial diamonds are made, viz.: by the crystallization of carbon dissolved in volcanic lava, and cooled under great pressure.

But, if this be true, a volcano is a laboratory so vastly exceeding the greatest that we possess, in resources and control of forces, that chemists have not much hope, at present, of being able to break nature's monopoly of diamond casting.

How To Make the Quickest, Simplest Cough Remedy

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This home-made cough syrup is now used in more homes than any other cough remedy. Its promptness, ease and certainty in conquering distressing coughs, chest and throat colds, is really remarkable. You can actually feel it take hold. A day's use will usually overcome the ordinary cough—relieves even whooping cough quickly. Splendid, too, for bronchitis, spasmodic croup, bronchial asthma and winter coughs.

Get from any druggist 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth), put it in a pint bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. This gives you—at a cost of only 50 cents—a full pint of better cough syrup than you could buy for \$2.50. Takes but a few minutes to prepare. Full directions with Pinex. Tastes good and never spoils.

You will be pleasantly surprised how quickly it loosens dry, hoarse or tight coughs, and heals the inflamed membranes in a painful cough. It also stops the formation of phlegm in the throat and bronchial tubes, thus ending the persistent loose cough.

Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, rich in gualacol, which is so healing to the membranes.

To avoid disappointment, be sure and read your druggist's "2 1/2 ounces Pinex," and don't accept anything else.

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